

The Saints and the World.

Poor world, poor world, what would'st thou be
Without the saints to pray for thee?
Without their love to intercede,
Without their heavenly grace to plead,
Without their strength to hold thee up,
Their sorrows in thy brimming cup?

Thou know'st it not, but these are thine
By many a token, many a sign;
We see the mark of saintly hands
Where scoffing irreligion stands,
And cruel pride and wild despite,
Unwilling, catch some borrow'd light.

For, as the sun on noisome place
Pours down his flood of beauteous grace,
So saints, upon a world of woe,
Shed gleams which sometimes gild it so
That often, to the outward gaze,
It glitters fair in heavenly rays.

But to the eye which looks within,
There breaks a glimpse of woe and sin;
The saints are Christ's, the world its own;
They serve, it lives for self alone;
The saints are poor, the world is great,
The saints are love, the world is hate.

Still world, poor world, what would'st thou be,
Without the saints to pray for thee?
Who knows the vengeance and the hurt
Which daily orisons avert?
Who tells the judgments turned away
Because a saint of God can pray?

All Saints! O wondrous power is yours
Which hatred of the world endures:
More wondrous still, the love of One
Who to your starry host is Sun,
The King of Saints, Who all day stands
To sinners stretching forth His Hands.
—W. Chatterton Dix.

The Chief Shepherd.

Our Lord is "the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls," 1 S. Peter ii. 25. He feeds His flock like a shepherd. As a Bishop He watches over His people, knows their wants, and gives them all things needful for their souls and bodies.

He is "the Good Shepherd." He is good above all other shepherds. They do much for their flocks: He does more, nay, He does all. For He gives His life to save His sheep from death.

And He is the "Chief Shepherd." Other shepherds are appointed by Him. But they are men, weak and sinful like those to whom they minister. They need the Chief Shepherd's care, to save their own souls and the souls entrusted by Him to their guidance. He is Chief, because there are others who hold the lower place. Every time we see one of them, we think of Him who has set them in the Church and has given them their commission. Thus, by their ministrations, we are constantly reminded of our dependence on One far above them and us. The more servants He has, the more dignity we see in Him, and the more we are moved to give Him the honour due unto His Name.

Winter Scenery.

There is a sombreness about it. Trees without their foliage lose much of their beauty, unless to those who have gone beneath the surface, and, like Ruskin, see beauty in the browns and blending hues. The white snow on dark evergreens will draw exclamations of admiration from any one who has an eye for the beautiful at all. In an old stone church grown grey, with its faded vines and leafless trees around, do you not see beauty? How beautiful it seems as the worshipper of other days in his distant home thinks of it at this New Year time. The anthems he used to sing come ringing back again; the old minister's voice sounds as of old, although for years the kindly face is gone and the silvered hair is there no more—no more. Those who used to sit side by side with him there, where are they? Scattered. "Some are married, some are dead," but the old clock, like Longfellow's, ticks away his unchanging "forever—never, never forever." Ah, yes; there is much beauty around the old church yet; there is little in life that can call up those sacred memories or such helpful thoughts, as we think of the unforgotten past and many changes Father Time brings. How small one feels in the presence of these things, almost as small as when beside some great moun-

tain, and helpless as when he would stay that mountain torrent, as it leaps from rock to rock.

Yet, one thing remains unchanged in the old church—the same God is worshipped, the same grand old hymns and psalms are read or sung, and the Spirit as powerful as at Pentecost comes down and abides with the real worshipper there.

The Effects of Bad Temper.

It has been said that "notwithstanding the many complaints of the calamities of human life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill-temper than from ill-fortune. In vain has Providence bestowed every external blessing if care has not been taken by ourselves to smooth the asperities of temper. A bad temper embitters every sweet, and converts a place of happiness into a place of torment." How true the above is, none who are much known with their fellows can deny. Undisciplined tempers bring ill feeling, quarrels, and all kinds of evil in their train. They do more than many other sins to effect separations between friends and disunion in families, they cause wounds which time can seldom or never heal, they form breaches which apparent reconciliations bridge over but faultily. There are words spoken in anger which are never forgotten; there are looks which imprint themselves on the mind as an indelible mental photograph; there are sudden silences which chill and wound as effectually as the most bitter and scathing speech; there are the actions—outward and visible signs of ill feeling—which leave a mark in hearts which little deserve the pain they cause. There are these things and many others which add to the suffering and sorrow of many, all caused by bad and uncontrolled temper.

Don't be Too Positive.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, or if there is room for any, remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously. Don't be too certain.

John, where is the hammer?"
"It is in the corn-crib."
"No, it's not there; I have just been looking there."
"Well, I know it; I saw it there not half an hour ago."
"If you saw it there, it must be there of course; but suppose you go and fetch it."
John goes to the corn-crib and presently returns with a small axe in his hand.
"Oh, it was the axe I saw: the handle sticking out from a half-bushel measure; I thought it was the hammer."

"You said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about a small matter, unless you are quite sure; for, if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain."

What a Boy Accomplished.

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out into the country the past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man:

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."
The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will go." The man felt the rebuke, and he said, "If you will stay I won't swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw all your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.

Hints to Housekeepers.

ALTOGETHER DISAPPEARED.—*Dear Sirs*,—About three months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking B.B.B. and took two bottles and my headaches have disappeared altogether now. I think it a grand medicine. LETTICE RODES, Lonsdesboro, Ont.

CARROT PUDDING.—One-half pound raw potatoes, peeled and grated; one-half pound of carrots, grated; one-half pound of flour (or seven ounces bread crumbs and one ounce of flour); one-half pound of suet, chopped fine; one-half pound of sugar, one-half pound of currants, one-half pound of raisins. Mix well together and flavour with lemon, brandy, whiskey or spices. Steam three hours. Peel improves it. Cover with cotton while cooking, and leave it on while it is cold. It will keep two or three months in cold weather, and steam again a couple of hours when you want to use it.

SPICED BEEF.—Five pounds of the shank, boiled five hours with celery seed. Drain off the gelatine then, and chop the meat very fine; add pepper and salt to taste, and put it into a cloth, on a platter. Cover with the cloth, and press it.

Take cold beef, veal, or any other meat, the more variety the better, hash it fine, and mix with two eggs, a little grated onion, melted butter, two crackers pounded, pepper, salt. Form into balls, and fry in butter. Serve with drawn butter flavoured with lemon.

VERY MUCH PLEASED.—*Sirs*,—I am very much pleased with the effects of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. Our family has been greatly troubled with severe colds, pains in the chest, etc., and have been promptly relieved by this valuable medicine, which we willingly recommend. CLARA A. MCKENZIE, Clarendon Station, N.B.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Dissolve a pound and a half of granulated sugar in a coffee cup of rich cream, add a good sized pinch of cream of tartar dissolved in a little warm water, let come to a boil, and put in four ounces of grated chocolate. Boil rapidly and stir until it is hard. Pour out to cool in a shallow dish. Cut in squares when cold. Coconut, lemon or vanilla caramels may be made in the same way.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.—In investigating the cause of this prevalent complaint it is found to rest principally in wrong action of the stomach and impurity of the blood. These exciting causes are easily removed by the regulating, purifying tonic and digestive effects of Burdock Blood Bitters, hence the success of B.B.B. in curing dyspepsia in any form, no matter how long standing or how severe it may be.

GEMS.—Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one cup water, a little salt; mix well and pour into iron-clad pans that have been heated very hot in deed, first putting a piece of butter in each partition. Bake quickly in a very hot oven.

TUMBLER CAKE.—Three tumblers of sugar, one tumbler of butter, one tumbler of sweet milk, four eggs, five tumblers of flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, a tumbler of citron. Flavour with lemon.

ENGLISH PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of different spices, one cup of chopped raisins, three and a half cups of flour. Steam two or three hours.

CHOCOLATE ICING.—Two cups of sugar and just enough water to moisten. Boil until clear; add two cakes of grated chocolate and one egg beaten stiff; flavour with vanilla, and beat until cold. After covering a cake with chocolate icing, have ready a cup of English walnuts shelled, and arrange them over the top in circles. Daisies may be made of raisins, by placing one with seven around it at intervals over the cake. Raisins may be iced, then dried in the oven, and placed upon the chocolate cake, making a contrast, if desired.

SAMPLE CHOCOLATE FREE.—A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.